The Scrap Collective

Star scavengers, working and living in Zero G and deep space.

The collective is gigantic, and made of metal. And large rodents. Procyon, with many different sub-species. It's not known just how old the collective currently is, but its scavengers have been bringing back shinies for as long as any living soul there can remember. All metals have their uses, sure, but nothing's better than having a shiny object to hold and cherish.

All this because, from shiny objects, and their continued study and classification, comes progress.

Eventually.

Over the course of millions, of billions of years as the dominant race in a large cluster of asteroids orbiting Zubeneschamali, a green star, the Procyon have managed to literally bang rocks together for long enough to achieve FTL travel!

Government:
God King Jupiter IV
Our God Kings only last as long as one of our lifespans, of course, so the government never really has any idea what's going on, outside of the notes taken by Himself as well as the previous leader in power, and the words of His many advisors. The God King's ability to operate lies in his skill of taking notes and making good decisions. As memory serves, memory does NOT serve!

The governmental chamber has the God King and his direct advisors, and the citizens that they tend to throughout the day are free to enter through front doors, but need to seek prior approval for an appointment. Due to the nature of this civ., the God King is highly protected. Advisors may also take the floor, if need be.

Religion / philosophy:
To Work, to collect, and to live. To eat out of the trash, too.
History tells that our civilization used to feed off another's garbage. Then that civilization fell to war within itself and we continued to live on what remained of their space rocks. We stole parts of their technology for ourselves and gained the thought processes in order to understand them through visual assistance like note-taking, a concept that they invented.

Since the fall of whatever came before, our species has learned to thrive heavily in low-to-zero-G environments, since the planet they lived on blew into massive chunks and distributed its gravitational mass and shiny objects over vast distances in space. Now we wear space suits with resistant, hard plastic/polymer visors in case of sudden collision when floating. We've taken the time to link many planet chunks together with metal structures and panels for

collecting solar power in our Dyson Swarm, to support our ever-expanding civilization of space raccoons.

Speaking of massive structures, they require lots of trusses. another method of structure that we stole from the previous ancient civ. in order for us to create the most stable structures possible, and out of triangles, no less! For deep space travel, in a few ways, that could be essential.

Ships and military defense:
Procyon ships come in a mix of tightly and securely sealed metal hulls and jagged space rock, likely hollowed out, to an extent. Almost every Procyon ship to ever have existed was constructed in space. Since most of them use massive meteors of some kind, it's unlikely a great number of them would ever be able to take off in an atmosphere. Once parked in orbit, these larger ships will be able to deploy escape pods, smaller ships made solely of metal, and etc. in order to generally set up camp on the surface of any planet in a short amount of time.

Gigantic ship thrusters in various arrangements use nuclear fire in order to propel the giant space rocks as fast as possible before achieving FTL. In all honesty, it's not the fastest, due to the fuel needed for all that mass.
FTL was discovered by "banging rocks together" in a device known as a Phased-Hurricane Driver, or PHD, which creates a gigantic, vortex-like bubble in space-time from the sudden, fast collision of two Artificial Supermassive Objects in a sealed chamber. The following reaction starts inward and moves outward, and whose shape, size, and continued direction is controlled by the ship's computer system. The entire bubble envelopes the ship from the inside out. Then the ship can safely travel at FTL speeds. When exiting the space time bubble, the larger ASO that would have resulted from the reaction would be put into storage for recycling into a larger vessel that demands a larger bubble. This does imply that ships have a limited number of times that they can phase into the bubble, but once they're inside, they can travel for as long as they need without spending any further fuel.

Ooc: this FTL is a system of spite, faggot

Weapons include mining lasers that can also be used to do serious, precision damage from great distances. Guided missiles and rocket-propelled-bombs. And of course, the menacing crystal-flamethrower. Mid-range troops use sidearms and full-auto trash rifles, which spew randomly assorted metal chunks at extreme heats and great speeds. The sidearms are semi-auto and use manufactured bullets and are far more accurate. Wrench melee. General use of thrown random objects is also surprisingly effective in man-to-man combat in a vacuum.

Adaptations:
The Procyon have developed their own slim-suits, which allow them to enter and exit vacuums and artificial atmospheres with ease. These suits also include the plastic visors and likely various types of trash, but they DO work. And most non-recycled trash on the suits are likely added by their wearers.

Finally, the last adaptation made by the Procyon is in their tails. While sailing freely, their tails can pick up on fluctuations in gravitational fields, which allows for somewhat easier navigation in zero-G.

Turns:

The Scrap Collective of Procyon arrives on the scene, late as usual, to steal your nation's shiny objects, your system's resources, and all your trash.

Wispy twisters hurtle across the expanse in formation in making first contact with the shark world. They enter orbit and slow down significantly, then dissipate completely as the contents within them are revealed. Massive hunks of rock, some big enough to cover the nearby star when passing in front of it. Each with carefully constructed metal ship and colony parts bulging out of their surfaces. Each of them was like a little world, vessels definitely unsuited for combat. Some were even tied together with metal structures.

They attempt to use radio frequencies to communicate in their own language, and send a message of peace, first and foremost.

>1 Send a landing party to any airless worlds in our territory
In order to break their resources down for ship-building and study. They should bring defenses with them when setting up the mining camp.

>2 work on larger colony ships
Equipped with high-powered laser turret defenses on every surface, to keep the innocent safe. Colony ships could be composed of multiple space rocks, one large asteroid, etc. metal parts, and to some extremes, moons. So far, that's been done once, and currently composes one of many bodies in our home system. Granted, it's not a ship.

Diplo:
The round procyonidae continues, adjusting the camera and addressing a whiteboard with a clean, but permanently black-stained paw.

"We are here to conduct business for the mutual benefit of our peoples. Shark man, we have Procyon that would like to work and live in an atmosphere, but are capable of acting as small, freelance workers in any location, provided living space, and work amenities like an environment suit and oxygen and water, if they don't already have them. Granted, there are some conditions that come with this living space."

He returns to his controls, maintaining the course.

"Various technologies and minerals unseen by you yet? As well as this, we would also like to know if you have any--, er- I see you are wanting this to be over. Well... To put the entire request into just a few more words, we would like to conduct the cultural exchange, so to speak. To that order, do you have any homeless, adventurous, or mentally unstable folks that would like to occupy their own starship of personal design within our fleet? Asterisk?"

>1 Need grape farms in space? Battery-powered biospheres!
We suppose they're already in space, due to the nature of the scrap array orbiting Zubeneschamali. Our largest of "worlds" host plant life, and are home to grape, wheat, and various other fruit and fish farms. Now the task remains to adapt them into small structures that can regulate their internal temperature, light level, atmosphere, moisture, and etc. other needs while traveling FTL across deep space for multiple prolonged periods of time.

These biospheres, likely having low gravity as they're soiled and built around a large-ish space rock, can be attached to already-existing ships. These ships, the metal piercing the rock, and assisted through movement by many thrusters, are modular in nature. How does anyone attach anything to this? More holes filled through with trusses and locks and straps and cords and tapes and ties! Can't go wrong with everything! So long as whatever's attached leads to a door and is wide enough for its user to tether and walk across. Don't fly ships with multiple semi-stable attachments into a gravitational atmosphere! These modular ships need more friends….

The biospheres look like metal spheres with few windows. They occupy a space that's often a little larger than the ship they're initially attached to, and will require complete structural reorientation of thrusters and power plants. Without proper certification, one cannot modify their ship. If one needs a biosphere attached, they must do so, for now, through the dry dock in the Zubeneschamali Array, which is at the distributed coordinates in this local interwebmail.

>2 Precision fighter pilots
Solid rock is too heavy to fly inside an atmosphere without orbital speeds. Specific metals built into even more specific structures, designed to cut an atmosphere and generate lift underneath a small, one-man fighter vessel are the greatest way to fly! The ultimate supersonic offensive combat vehicle, the Atmoskimmer Wing! Known to some as an aeroplane, or fighter jet! It will need afterburners and a big, rapid-fire cannon on the nose, along with the capacity to carry missiles and bombs and possibly other specialized weapons as well. While that's being developed, the masses should practice.

Simulators from ages long gone, an ancient artifact, a so-called "PS2", with a copy of a disc game to accompany it inspired the now functional, real physics-and-math-based, low-spec-capable flight simulators of today, which in turn accompany most computer systems on colony ships and individual vessels, so that any living creature in the collective can practice their flight skillz inside and outside of an atmosphere or gravity well, with large ships and small ships of most kinds available to choose from.

High-spec resource packs are available for Virtual Reality users and those who just have more system specs to throw around.

Some sims offer a story to play through, while others are working towards a true sim experience. The skill desired to learn would determine the sim of choice.

“The quality of the fuel is affecting thrust”

Diplo:

“Undead” “”diplomacy””

Send scouts ahead into the valley to get a better look at all sections of the city, at least from that angle. Simply going around the ancient city might be a worthy and viable option if this happens to turn belly-up.

The bait. Raw meat, and hot steamy meat, both of which would be used to lure a large number of the monsters and undead off of the battlefield between the fighting force of monster hunters from Brachyukuma and the ancient city’s undead barrier. There was a barbecue before, and everyone ate, but at the end, there were these two dishes, piled high with protein. Each was taken by a different hunter to lead the charge, but ultimately head off in the other direction, while everyone else stayed behind. Final preparations would be made well before and again as the two capable hunters ensured that the field was clear. A tote was made of these two large platters with mountains of *meat* on them, far into the valley in the southeast(?).

The battle strategy is as follows. Brachyurus lancers, repeatedly charging forward at a single point of entry, as though they were a “constantly flowing river of jagged rocks”. Something about this creature and this weapon make them feel like they were made for each other, which might be true. Our nation’s fastest known animal is also considered the smartest, so given their use of mental powers, this was due to happen at some point. Any hunter participating in this lance charge would need to be careful not to end up a target, and get out of anyone else’s way as soon as possible. In order to be safe, this strategy is drilled.

All other forces should prioritize keeping our very active lancers alive, until the field team leaders determine the next course of action.

(OOC: is the term undead the best for these new enemies? I’ll soon have some undead in the form of my third race, but they very clearly seem to be a different kind. Is there more than one kind of undead? If these aren’t undead, then what are they? Would they have the chance, it’s likely a hunter or two might take a sealed sample for lab study)

Swift’s:

Space Grapes! And Space Wine! The design of these improved greenhouses will greatly improve the yields of any planetside farms we create, once we get around to creating them! And of course finish all this research work we have! The finest racoon minds have more work than

they know what to do with at the moment, maybe we should drop a lab complex down on one of these planets? Give them some space and resources to work with? Eventually the atmospheric fighter jets will greatly improve our ability to field advanced (and more expensive) troops in future ground wars, but for now the lab marsupials are still working out the last details on the armored colony ships, let alone the new greenhouses, or the fighter jets!

>1 Find an atmosphere'd, unoccupied planet to post the aeronautical lab. It should be floating in orbit above the planet, not to mention massive. This location will give our researchers room to work with utmost efficiency. Equipped inside this aeronautical lab will be a wind tunnel, aircraft carrier, maintenance deck, design labs, residency, inbound and outbound space ships, and a mail room/storage/small office room.

If the nearest atmosphere'd, unoccupied world is in VERY STRICT conflict with sharkfolk territory, it should be avoided. Otherwise, it's all fair game. (Ooc: To that end, could you tell me its coordinates and name?) If there are no habitable worlds in our sectors, an expansion effort should be made to find one where we may reside and be most comfortable.

The lab will need to be constructed in orbit, made from a very large, FTL-transported asteroid of utmost appropriate size. We'll need to drill through it and build on it, which shouldn't be anything we're not already used to doing.

>2 Makeshift UAVs

Little space rocks with AI-based target tracking lasers built on them. They have a small nuclear engine and corresponding thruster array. Security guards are posted and paid to watch the cams and pick suspected targets that the guns suggest for them. The UAVs use a separate computer and gyroscopes along with an AI rpogram to control its evasive and invasive flight path.

>put some defense stat on those fleets

I need it so I don't die.

>Protein livestock

We are adding new recruits and ships to our fleets! Shark men! Aquatic forms of life that require lots of food and water to survive. Livestock production is only most possible on colonized worlds with an atmosphere. From these worlds, we'll need to package the meat and give our new recruits a means to access it by means of their immediate pay rate.

>1 Expand

To go even further beyond! What new planets and resources?

>2 set up mine for the yellow minerals in cube territory

He and I diplo'd this out. He should be getting a bluecrystal mine on my oceanic military world. The deposit of yellow minerals should be somewhere in sector [12, 08]. Since he and I are supposed to be on friendly terms, I don't feel the need to defend this mine, just to make an effort to mass transit its resources until it's empty. These should be useful in creating more weightless farms!

>6022047 #

The scouts have found a remarkable system, where, somehow, every major orbital body exists within the habitable zone. Three of the worlds have developed intelligent life, but unfortunately things seem to have devolved into a bloody three way war between all three factions. The debris of hundreds of spacecraft fills the sector, and while theoretically one of the nations is capable of FTL, it seems unlikely they will ever be able to move beyond the vicious war that has embroiled all three worlds. This is a shame given the luxurious glowing pearls one world can harvest, and the deposits of Redpowder found on one of the colonies, used almost exclusively to forge highly durable metal alloys for the war.

The warlike system stands in stark contrast to the Yellowstone mine in cuboid space, where a peaceful trade of resources has occurred with the curious and strange Cuboids. The Yellowstone is likely to be quite useful to the Procyon, displaying remarkable powers of healing and plant acceleration, and the Cuboids surely have valuable uses in mind for Bluecrystal.

The greatest minds of the Procyon have produced some interesting new prototypes as well! Mirrored Frisbees and Laser Shoelaces are sure, with some government backing (use an action if you want to do one), to have some valuable uses! (Procyon produce random research projects occasionally)

>Plane research

The G-diffuser system will be a must if we wish to achieve a good balance of maneuverability and speed in our newly constructed experimental fighter jets. After all, our folks would likely be sensitive to pressures such as G-forces, so this is a natural next step.

In order to make sharper turns and work in tandem with a G-diffuser suit and cockpit, experimental models have been constructed to bend and flex at hinged joints in rapid, mechanical succession. This should allow a plane to whip its thrusters around, and turn far faster than any other.

>Memetics hazard

Criminals living at the Zubeneschamali Scrap Array have been caught skateboarding and painting graffiti. They were quickly apprehended, but others replaced them before we could wipe away any of the art.

Then We realized that it was art, and art, just as well as any written note, can serve many purposes for Us.

We wish to allow this to continue, as the art looks generally good, and to hire them and utilize their power in the future, should We need to.

God King Jupiter IX/XI makes respectful graffiti legal within the nation's borders under a new official job title! Graffiti artist, a government appointed position for an individual who excels in spray painting pretty art in hard-to-reach places. This art is whatever the artist chooses, with signature, or otherwise. The only reason why it needs to be regulated is because the art can't just go up anywhere and be any size. Artists are given locations to hit, times to hit them, and rough guidelines for how big their work needs to be.

Most if not all work as a graffiti artist is part-time, but knowing artists, some may take what they can get.

>Planted graffiti

Through the societies we've integrated with so far, specific individuals that are secretly working for the government have been doing graffiti, in an attempt to make those integrated societies seem degraded by laws against it.

These are actually hired criminals from within our own nation, experts in the art of efficient skateboarding and spray painting in hard-to-reach places.

The good thing about graffiti is that, if it's pretty, it should attract others to make more, especially if that society doesn't have any graffiti.